wool suits are 20 or 25 per cent. cheaper, but so English woman on the eve of departure to join her husband in Trenton, N. J., spologized to me for the rather seedy appearance of her boys' clothing, and explained that her husband had written to her to buy nothing for them in England, as it was just as cheap in Trenton, and "the cut was so much better." About smaller articles of clothing I can speak with more confidence, having experimented considerably since coming here. I bought a pair of shoes in Birmingham-to replace a better pair which cost in New York \$5-for \$4.70, which promise to wear well but are very clumsy. I had previously searched in three or four Liverpool stores for an approximate fit, as English ready-made shoes seem to be all of the same width. My final purchase were workingmen's shoes. At least I afterward saw a pair just like them and costing the same sum on the feet of a Birmingham tailor, who told me he earned \$7.27 a week when in work; that he had lost eight weeks' time last year and expected to lose as much this; that his friends in America could earn 19s. 6d. for work that would bring 8s. here, and that he was going to America himself when his term of enlistment in the militia ran out. Men doing hard out-of-door work wear cheaper shoes, generally hob-nailed, the clatter whereof on the sidewalks in early morning sounds like a cavalry charge. These run from \$1.50 up. Children wear smaller editions of the same shoes and walk flatfooted or go barefooted-women, too. Bare-foot women on the streets are common enough to excite no wonder, though certainly not usual. The north of England variety of the hob-nailed shoe has a peculiar spade-shaped elongtion at the toe, sometimes tipped with metal, and recalling the copper toes which old boys in America remem-

Underclothing differs very little in price from American, being somewhat cheaper only when nearly or quite all wool. Some prices: Cotton vests and drawers, very "slimsy," 60 cents; wool mixed undershirts, London, Manchester and Liverpool, 85 cents; night-shirts, very coarse and rough, 73 cents; white shirt, laundered, cheapest quality in a big London store, 85 cents; stockings, fairly good, 50 cents; poorer (good for short time only), 36 cents; hats, probably cheaper, quality for quality, than in

New York. Women's clothing I cannot judge of, but an American lady whose business it is to know about these things says: "In the price of small articles, shoes, stockings, underwear and the like, there's precious little difference. Wool dress goods cheviots and the like are cheaper. possibly 25 or 30 per cent. Cotton dress goods and domestic stuff about the same, or a trifle more; silk cheaper. Ready-made clothing such as the swell shops exhibit is cheaper, but this is not for workingmen's wives."

The cost of furniture depends on quality. Wood being scarce and costly, brass and iron used much in fine and cheap goods respectively. Silk umbrellas sell about as low as at "special sales" in America, and rather below regular rates. They are too slightly built, however, for use in American rain-storms, and are rather small. I have seen no good alpaca or cotton umbrellas, which are certainly better than poor silk ones. Umbrellas worth buying do not run lower than \$3 or \$3.50, though, of course, they are sold at all prices, even below \$1. The cheapest watches and clocks are from America and sold at American prices. Trunks and traveling bags go at no lower rates for ordinary grades. though I suspect that extra heavy ones of solid leather and stitched heavily are cheaper, though

Before leaving New York last August I bought purse for sovereigns and 'arf sovereigns for the sum of 5 cents. It is very good indeed, perfectly firm, ball clasp, steel frame, leather body, and will wear an indefinite period. In England I have looked long for a similar, though larger purse, for shillings and sixpences, but without success. I have seen no purse sold lower than 25 cents. That which I finally selected cost 36 cents. It is larger than the American one, but neither so handsome nor durable. The English seem to have very little knack at turning out small but useful notions very cheap. As to purses, the theory is that poor people carry their pennies in cotton or leather bags with pucker strings, and that rich people don't want to pay less than a shilling. The same thing is noticed with regard to other articles. Children's toys are neither so numerous, so ingenious nor so cheap as in America. A child's watering pot, worth 5 or 10 cents in New York, would be hard to flud here, and would probably cost 15 or 18 cents. The only one I remember seeing was 18 cents. Small tools for odd jobs of tipkering about the household are scarcely seen for sale except in Birmingham. Cutlery is, of course, cheap and good, though the difference in the price is not great. Household conveniences of some sorts simply can't be had at any cost.

Personal services are undoubtedly cheaper in England. The amount of attention which can be purchased for a six-cent tip-if you're not an American or not taken for one-is amazing. "Easy shaving, 1 penny," (2 cents) is a sign common in all English cities. The boot-blacks of London have formed a combination to keep the price of a shine up to 2 cents. Repairing shoes costs from 63 cents up to 85 cents for resoling. Street-car and 'bus fares are lower for a short distance, but far higher for longer ones. Many lines in the north of England run "workmen's cars" or 'buses morning, noon and night for 2 cents. Railroad fare is higher except for third class. Cab fare is lower, but from the workman's point of view, what of it? Newspapers cost about the same, books no less, and of cheap paper reprints of really good works there are, I should say, not so many. Professional services, legal, medical and the like, are said to be higher, though of this I know nothing per-

Finally, the British workman has to pay school fees for his children, from 2 to 18 cents each weekly. The income tax he avoids by having no appreciable income, but the poor rates and local rates and other taxes catch him if he owns a house or rents one by the quarter, with an agility and frequency that are described as

United States Consul Wigfall, of the Leeds district, in drawing a comparison between the workmen here and in America said to me not long ago: "The cost of living to an English workman is less than in America, but not to the extent of the difference in their wages. That is to say, the American wages will go further than the British, and the American workmen insist upon a better scale of living."

Nearly all the consuls with whom I have talked seem anxious to make out the best possible case they can for the British workman in this comparison. One or two have deemed it their duty to lie to me in the interest of the freetrade propaganda. One made a free-trade stump speech at me, waiking up and down his office. Mr. Wigfall is not of this kind, but is an intelligent, courteous and fair-minded man, who would not, I think, seek to mislead political opponent. The opinion which have juoted is undoubtedly sincere, but I think mistaken. Mr. Wigfall mentioned a certain beef that could be bought for a low figure in the Leeds market as an instance to show that the English workingman's food was not expensive, unconsciously comparing poor beef in England with good beef in America. He mentioned the low rents of Leeds, but Heaven pity those who live in its cheap houses! The comparison of an English and American workingman's weekly expenses is not the way to get at the relative cost of living. The question of quality cannot be left out. My own opinion, after an examination of prices, long-continued, laborious, and prosecuted in many different places, is that, on the whole, there is really very little difference in the actual cost of living. The Englishman spends less and gets less for his money. If he got more it would cost him more. If he lived as well as the Yankee it would cost

The best general statement I can make, and I hope it is borne out by the facts and figures have quoted from my note-book, would run about like this: Food is dearer upon the average in England than in America, woolen clothing cheaper, cotton clothing and minor articles about the same. Personal services—a small item with the poor-are cheaper, taxes more onerous because aimed directly at the humbler subject. So far it is a "saw off" between the two countries. The one important item of rent remains, and this is undoubtedly lower here, but the accommodations commonly furnished are miserable; decant ones can't be had, for they simply do not exist.

This statement is perfectly consistent with the admission that living is cheaper here for the well-to-do. The higher one goes in the social scale, the smaller is the proportion of his direct expenditure for food. The rich of England bave cheap servants, cheap silks, laces and velvets and cheap rent. They can well afford to pay a little more for beef, mutton, milk, eggs and tes. It is a good enough country for them, if their money is invested where the canker of bad trade or decreasing rentals cannot get at it; but for the poor man the price of the bare necessities of life is a far more serious matter.

JOHN L. HEATON.

The Tribute to Riley.

A brilliant bequet was given at Indianapolis last night, to James Whitcomb Riley, by his friends and literary co-workers. There is no truer poet in America than Riley, and there is no finer fellow the world over. Indiana can well pause in the midst of a heated campaign to pay ribute to her gifted singer.

READING FOR THE SABBATH.

Sunday-School Lesson for Oct. 28, 1888. THE FALL OF JERICHO .- Josh., vi, 1-16. Golden Text-By faith the walls of Jericho fell down, after they were compassed about seven days.

Mon .- Josh., v. 1-15 ... Captain of the Lord's host Tues.—Josh., v. 1-15. Captain of the Lord's host.

Tues.—Josh., vi. 1-16. The fall of Jericho.

Wed.—Josh., vi. 17-27 Jericho destroyed.

Thur.—Judges, vii. 9-22. Victory with trumpets.

Fri.—Acts, xvi. 16-40. Prison doors opened.

Sat.—1 Cor., i, 17-31. Victory with weak things.

Sun.—Heb., xi, 30-40. Faith powerful.

Of this first city of Jericho we have but little

knowledge. It was known as the City of Palms from a forest of splendid palms that covered an area eight miles long by three broad. The city was five or six miles north of the Dead Sea, and about as far west of the Jordan. It must have been a city of wealth and luxury, as evident in the things captured. It was the natural military key of this part of Palestine, controlling the two great passes leading into the country. It was walled about and shut at sundown, (Josh ii, 5); it had houses built along its walls, some of which had windows that projected over the walls (ii, 15.) It stood on rising ground, for they ascended to the attack. It could not have been large, or they could not have marched seven times about it in one day. Israel, after crossing the Jordan, encamped at Gilgal (v. 9), about three miles from Jericho. Here the nation resumed the custom of circumcision that had been neglected in the desert; here they celebrated the Passover feast for the second time after leaving Egypt; here they were furnished with the "old corn of the land," and here the manna ceased to fall.

The great work of the conquest of the land began at once. We need shed no tears over the destruction of the Canaanites, for they deserved to be exterminated. They were the very flower and perfection of all that was rank and bad in their religion and practice. They corrupted every nation they touched, and the foul stream of their gross animalism and sensual religion flowed slong through Greece and Rome to pollute and destroy. God's plan was conquest without compromise, destruction without delay. They were strong and well-armed, their cities were large and walled, as Joshua knew from act-

At this critical moment the Lord appeared to Joshua (v, 13-15) as "a man of war," as a captain to lead the hosts. It was no longer the indefinite cloud that personified God, but an incar-nated form of courage, and strength, and leadership. This was no dream or vision of the night, but it appeared clearly, spoke distinctly, giving a plan for the capture of Jericho; also requiring obedience and worship from Joshua. It was no other than one of the various incarnations of our Lord Jesus Christ, who had before appeared to Abraham, Jacob and Moses.

QUESTIONS THE SCHOLARS MAY ASK. 1. What do we know about Jericho? What is meant by being straitly shut up? How had the Lord given Jericho to Joshua before it fell! 4. How was the Ark carried on ench occasion? 5. Why and how were rams' horns used as trumpets. 6. What was the difference between "the long blast of the ram's horn and the common blast they blew continuously?" 7. Why were the people kept silent, and yet the priests allowed to blow their horns? 8. What reasons for believing the city fell on the Sabbath? 9. Why did the Lord command the people of Jericho to be slain?

DIFFICULTIES CONSIDERED. There are, at least, three difficulties the teacher will be abliged to meet: 1. Why such a plan that ruled out the people

from any active part in bringing about the capture of the city? The Eastern people have great faith in the power of noise, and their enforced silence impressed the lesson that their might and courage were not needed. God taught them anew the sufficiency of His own power. If they had gained the victory, they would have become over-confident in them-selves. The Ark is made prominent and central in all this story—you see God.

2. Why so many days, and why so many

sevens! Seven is the perfect, the chosen number, God's number. And this made God's part the more prominent and instructive.

3. What was the real method by which the walls were broken down? We infer from the safety of Rahab's party that this part of the walls did not fall. Tuck thinks that an earthquake opened wide breaches in the walls, of which the soldiers took instant advantage. "God's use and control of the forces he has himself appointed is more wonderful than any mere working of new wonders, which seem to suit better the Joves of heathenism than the Jehovah of the Bible." Stanley and Van Lennep ac-cept the earthquake theory. Ewald believes in a sudden assault.

The Snow-Prayer. A little girl went out to play one day in the snow, and when she came in she said: "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was

'What did you pray, my dear!" "I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sunday-school: 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

What a beautiful prayer! And here is the promise that goes with it: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." And what can wash them white, slean from every stain of sin? The Bible answers: "They have washed their robes, and made them white, in the blood of the Lamb."

Religious Notes. The King of Siam recently donated \$250,000 to Baptist missions.

No place can make a bad man happy. The remedy is not in locality, but in character. You must put up with a great deal if you would put down a great deal .- T. T. Lynch. In South Africa there are said to be 223 Presbyterian congregations and 54,000 church mem-

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situ-

ations. - Goethe. The authorities have already decided upon the Sunday-school lessons for 1890. The entire year

will be occupied with the life of Christ as recorded by Luke. "I wish I could mind God as my little dog minds me," said a little boy, looking thoughtful-

ly on his shaggy friend; "he always looks so pleased to mind, and I don't." I have seldom seen much ostentation and much learning met together. The sun, rising and declining, makes long shadows, and at mid-

day, when he is his hignest, none at all .- Hall. The Alabama Advocate complains because the new nymn-book of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, is being printed by "a radical, sectional, sectarian Baptist deacon in Philadelphia," instead of by the publishing-house at

Nashville. About the worst calamity that could befall any man would be the power to have every thing he desired for the asking, although to the average mortal this condition seems the ideal of all possible expectation and good .- Great

Thoughts. It is an awful condemnation for a man to be brought, by God's providence, face to face with a great possibility of service and of blessing. and then to show himself such that God has to put him aside and look for other instruments.

-Dr. McLaren. If all the Sunday-School children in the world would commit to memory the Sermon on the Mount (a feat that can be easily accomplished). they would possess the best code of moralsnot only extant, but have at command all the practical rules of a Christian life, and have a

great variety of tests of Christian experience. For a long time I felt myself to be a lost sheep. not knowing on whom to rely; and now, with the deepest consciousness that I have at least attained rest, I exclaim, "The Lord is my Shepherd. What is there that can harm me?" And as I look forward into the future, I exclaim, with David, "I shall not want."-Augustes

Canon Wilberforce, of England, writer from Dublin, Ireland, to his parishioners giving some observations while in that city. He calls both the Protestant and Catholic cathedrals of Dublin "memorials of drink," St. Patrick's Cathedral having been built from the proceeds of porter brewing, and Christ Church Cathedral from the profits of whisky distilling.

At Cambridge, England, an "African prayer union" has been started by friends of the late Bishop Parker. Objects: 1. To pray definitely on one day in the week for the spread of the gospel in Africa. 2. To read regularly about one or more of the African mission fields. 3. To correspond with some African missionary.

A quarterly paper will be issued. A wee daughter of a certain minister went to church a few weeks ago for the first time. She enjoyed the music, and was interested for quite a while in looking at the strange place and people; but at last she grew very tired, and reaching up her little arms toward the pulpit, where her father was in the midst of his sermon, she

"Come, papa, that's enough; let's go home." The Rev. Leonard Gaetz, of Alberta, who had a fine exhibit at the industrial fair, was once pastor of the Queen's-avenue Methodist Church at London. At an evening service one of the choir soloists sang a selection that bordered very closely on the operatic, and it was noticed nat Mr. Gaetz grew very grave during the singing, and when it was finished he rose and remarked with great deliberation: "We will now resume the worship of God. "-Toronto Globe.

It is not possible for a Christian man to walk across so much as a rood of the natural earth. with mind unagitated and rightly poised, without receiving strength and hope from some stone.

flower, leaf, or sound, nor without a sense of a dew falling on him out of the sky. It seems to me that the real sources of bluntness in the feelings toward the splendor of the grass and glory of the flower are less to be found in ardor of occupation, in seriousness of compassion, or heavenliness of desire than in the turning of the eye at intervals of rest too selfishly within. -John Ruskin.

Written for the Sunday Journal. By the Kankakee. Beneath the forest tree I lie And watch the deep-blue summer sky, And count the white cranes floating by On level wings; And in the undergrowth I hear A bittern softly treading near,

While through the willows, sweet and clear.

A wood-thrush sings. And flashing, flashing close to me, With murmurous, melting melody, The swirling, crystal Kankakee Flows deep and swift Through liquid tints and tones untold Of topaz, turquoise, bronze and gold, That in its lucent depths unfold

And drift and sift, Till down among the pearly shells A wealth of changeful color dwells; And like a string of silver bells The ripples ring Through trailing water-weeds that raise Their tangled yellow blossom sprays Where in a green and golden maze Tall rushes swing.

And far across the glassy tide, The marshes shimmer, low and wide, Where birds and bees and wild things hide In reedy grass, Whose floods of opalescent hues Pale, darken, change and interfuse, Till my enchanted senses lose

And only feel an exquisite Glad throb of light and life complete; While like some subtle essence sweet, The wilderness, The perfume warm of wave and wood. The silence of the solitude,
Ali merge and mingle in my mood,
Till half I guess

All things that pass,

The secrets that the winds impart. And draw so near to nature's heart I feel her inmost pulses start;
While happily
I sink upon her fragrant breast, Like yonder thrush within its nest, And deep, entraucing sense of rest Steals over me. -Evaleen Stein.

Written for the Sunday Journal. My Kingdom. O give me the wild and broken waste By the surging, roaring sea, Where soft winds blow, and the sea-gull's cry

Where the rolling billows rise and fall, And bask in their sportive play; Where the dashing spray leaps high and wild, And the rocks are old and gray.

Where purple mists at twilight fall, When the sun has sunk to rest; Where peace and quietude are found:

Is borne o'er the waves to me.

'Tis the place that I love best. Away from the busy haunts of men, My love and I alone, I would be king and she my queen,

Some coral cave our home.

And naught should come to mar our joy: No sorrow, grief nor care; Free as the winds that come and go, Free as the birds and air.

Then give me the wild and broken waste, By the surging, moaning sea; The world has naught on earth so sweet: 'Tis the dwelling place for me.

Written for the Sunday Journal Sunny Noon. The rosetrees and the barberries Are strung with coral beads; And fitful breezes lightly sift

> Still, heedless of the nipping frost, Along the garden bed The white and purple gillyflowers Their spicy fragrance shed.

The ripened poppy-seeds.

And weaving richest tapestries Upon the lattice frame, The woodbine laces in and out In gold, and rose, and flame.

Along the wall the grapevines trace Their brown and twisted frets, And all the trailing clematis Is hung with soft aigrettes. Through fringes that the larches wave

The sky shows fair and blue, And somewhere, from beneath the eaves, I hear the pigeons coo.

The glory of the noonday sun Pervades the dreamy air, And the sweet heart of beauty throbs In music everywhere. -Evaleen Stein.

A Song of Days. 'Twas Spring, when hope-days dawned my sweet. My gypsy heart at your dear feet Did pitch a tent. Nor all the Spring Did my wild heart go truenting: It was content.

In Summer, when the joy-days came, They found my vagrant heart grown tame To your sweet spell; Forgetful quite Of its former fret for flight, It rested well.

And yet when Autumn days dreamed deep Of some dread portent, and asleep, Did sigh apace,
My heart gleaned not
Strange fears and fled. It loved the spot Where you had place.

So when the Winter-days awake To find a ravished world, and make Sad moan, sad moan, heart will si For where you are is always Spring. And Spring alone. -Julie M. Lippmann, in American Magazine for

Destructive School Methods. American Magazine.

The originality and native precocity of youth are often lost in the automatic drills of the class-room. Incipient talent and genius must die out in the mind of the possessor from sheer lack of appreciation and sympathy on the part of those to whom the youth trustingly looks for aid and encouragement. Perhaps it would be regarded as extravagant to assert that the end of a long course of instruction leaves ninetenths of graduates wholly at the mercy of the world which they have been taught to believe themselves fitted to enter and conquer. They may soon discover, however, that the wide fields of experience and knowledge are yet before them, and that the inclination and disposition for their further pursuit have been left dull and apathetic by the scholastic training received. Books and literature are now distasteful to them. They will be but too happy to ignore the classics; history has been studied too much. Admit that their minds have been filled with the elements of knowledge, that their intellectual powers have been disciplined and strengthened till they are sinewy and tough, how is it that the mind which comes to the tasks of life with a training and knowledge gained out of the schools, by reading, private study and self-help, often measures up to, nay, outstrips the college-bred mind? The question is easily answered: The methods of the schools destroy originality and versatility of mind by anticipating and preventing the very self-help necessary to give every mind self-reliance and independent power.

Young Jesse James's Strange Luck.

Jesse James, jr., only heir of the great land pirate, is fifteen years of age, and-strange irony of fate-works for T. T. Crittenden and his sons, for that very Governor of Missouri who hounded his father to death, and received his uncle Frank after the surrender of the latter. The story of the boy's engagement to work in Crittenden's real estate office is interesting. The boy, it appears, answered an advertisement for an office boy. Half a dozen other eager applicants were before him.

Crittenden asked him what he could do. "I'll fight, run a foot race, or write a letter with any of these kids for the job," answered the brigand's son. "Write a letter," said Crittenden. Jesse complied, and proved to write a better

hand that any other applicant.

"What is your name?" asked the ex-Governor "Jesse James, jr.," answered the boy. Doubtless ex Governor Crittenden was as surprised that he was about to hire the son of the notorious Jesse, whom he had hired the assassins to kill, as the boy and his mother were to learn that the former's employer was the ex-

A Suggestive Explanation. Merchant Traveler.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbor's boys, as his companion came out of the alley gate. "Ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have you?"

"Nop. "Didn't ye get any?"
"Yep; but I didn't stay to finish it." "What made ye leave so soon?" "Well, I said something at the table, and everybody but pa laughed.

A FIERY DRINK.

Jamaica Ginger as a Solace for Topers-Its Effect on the Human System.

Atlanta Journal. A little girl, shabbily dressed, walked boldly up to the clerk in one of our largest drug stores and handed him a four-ounce phial, a phial in which was a time-stained cork, and on which was a label, dirty and greasy, so that the inscription written thereon was entirely illegible. Without saying a word, the clerk filled the bottle from a large jar on the shelf, handed it back to the child, received the money in pay-ment, and went back to his work, while the child, who was chewing gum, stopped in the door-way long enough to pull up her ragged stocking and then skipped off up the street, holding the greasy-looking phial in her hand.

No wonder she was ragged and dirty, no wonder that her curly hair was unkempt and that she looked a veritable gutter rat!

Her mother is a ginger drunkard! A portion of the little money she receives each day is spent for Jamaica ginger, for which she craves as only a drunkard can crave for that which will satisfy his unnatural appetite. The silent but seemingly well-understood customer attracted my attention. "What did you sell that little girl?" I asked. "Ginger," was the druggist's reply.

"Jamaica ginger." "You seemed to know what she wanted." "Yes, I ought to, since she's been a regular customer for the last twelve months. She comes into the store every day and buys a fourounce vial full of Jamaica ginger for her mother, who is a confirmed ginger-drinker, only one among many in Atlanta."

"What do they drink it for?" "To take the place of whisky."

"What sort of ginger?"

"A man can't get drunk on ginger, can he?" "Well, if you could see some of my regular ginger drunkards at times you would think so. Ginger is made from alcohol and ginger root. The root is ground and put into one of these funnel-shaped percolaters, after which the alcohol is poured upon it and soaks through it, dropping into the jar, in the mouth of which is fixed the funnel. This tineture is, as you know, if you've ever tasted it, as hot as liquid fire, and a teaspoonful is a big dose for an ordinary man. "One pound of ginger will make two quarts of tincture, and many prefer it to whisky." "How much does a confirmed ginger-drinker take at a dose!"

"There are one or two men who are regular ginger-drinkers who take as much as four ounces at a time, or, to show you the difference, thirtytwo teaspoonfuls. If you or I, or any other man unaccustomed to drinking ginger, should take that much at once it would kill us. We would be apt to have convulsions at first, followed by a comatose condition, in which state death would come."

"How much will it require to make a man "I have seen one man get drunk on four ounces, and then again I've seen a man who drank the same quantity have a sort of epileptic fit, lasting for several minutes." "What effect will the drinking of ginger pro-

duce in the long run?" "It is far more injurious than whisky, and will kill a man who drinks it regularly in from two to three years' time. If you should hold a tablespoonful of ginger in your mouth a minute it would blister the inside coating of the mouth, and you can easily imagine what the effect on the stomach would be grappling with two or three tablespoonsfuls of ginger every day."

"Can you tell a ginger-drinker from an ordinary man; or, in other words, will the drink-ing of ginger affect the personal appearance of a man as whisky does!"

"Whisky-drinking makes a man's face red. Ginger-drinking makes it pale, as the ginger draws the blood away from the surface to the center of the body. I've watched these gingerdrinkers closely, and I've studied them a good deal. I've learned that an habitual ginger-drinker, like a morphine-eater, looses all regard for the truth, and would rather lie than tell the truth. They also become hypochondriaes, and imagine they are affected with every disease under the sun. One day they'll come in with a long face declaring the've got cramp colic, and must have ginger. Another day they'll have heart disease, and will surely die unless they can get ginger. The next time they have dyspepsia or rheuma-tism. But no matter what they have they seem to think ginger the sovereign remedy, and nothing else will do them. The trouble with them is the ginger drinking, for it ruins the digestion, inflames the stomach, and throws the whole system into disorder."

"Is there any advantage in buying ginger?"
"Ginger costs \$1 a pint, while whisky
sells at from 50 cents up. The people who drink it, and they are numerous, both men and women, are for the most part mere physical wrecks who were confirmed drunkards when prohibition came upon us, and their unnatural appetites must be satisfied, so they bought gin-We ship ginger by the barrel to prohibition towns, as the old topers think it is the best substitute for whisky, and once they get accustomed to it they perfer it to whisky. It is astonishing to what depths of depravity a man can fail. I have another customer who eats a drachm of morphine every day. There are sixty grains to a drachm, and one-fourth of a grain is an ordinary dose. A man not accustomed to eating morphine could not eat a drachm of morphine a day and keep awake to save his life, but this man seems to feel no special inconvenience from eating the whole sixty grains." "Have you many ginger customers among high-toned people?"

"Very few. There are one or two who have seen better days; one old man who was wealthy at one time, but he lost his wealth by drinking whisky before he took to drinking ginger. Some men are born with unnatural appetites, and they must always be governed by them."

Presbyterianism in Brazil.

Boston Journal. The flourishing missions established by the Presbyterian churches, North and South, in Brazil, have been formed into an independent Presbyterian organization, called the Church of razil. The plan of union included in genera four things-the separation of the churches in Brazil from the Presbyterian Church, North and South, in the United States; the adoption of the Westminster Confession and Catechisms and of the Southern Book of Order, with such modifications of the Book of Order as might be approved before the organization; a provision for constituting three or more presbyteries after the organization, and the maintenance of the relations of the missionaries to their respective home boards in the United States. The arrangements for consolidation were completed early in September. On the 6th a large congregation assembled in the historic church in Rio. Thirty-one ministers and elders, representing about 3,000 members, responded for themselves and their churches, and entered into the solemn covenant presented in the completed plan of union. A society of National Missions, for assisting in the support of pastors, teachers and evangelists, was formed in two of the Presbyteries. Committees were appointed on the advanced schools at Sao Paula and Campinara, which are developing into a Christian college and theological seminary. The revision of the Portuguese translation of the Scriptures was earnestly considered. The new synod has fifty churches, nineteen missionaries, twelve native ministers, twenty-two church schools, two high schools, thirteen women teachers and missionaries, some thirty native assistants, and nearly 3000 communicants. The way is everywhere open for advance, and the outlook is most encouraging.

Japaqese Newspapers.

Tokio Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch. In the whole of Japan there are no fewer than 550 newspapers and periodicals, and in the capital of Tokio alone there are seventeen political dailies, with a combined monthly circulation of 3,906,000, and 116 periodicals, circulating together 495,000 copies. With such competition, circulations are of course very small, the largest in Tokio, whichever newspaper has it, being probably not much over 10,000 copies, half of them sold in the city itself and half in the villages around and other towns. A Japanese newspaper is a very different thing from what we are accustomed to find on

our breakfast-tables. Our last page is its first; its columns only run half the length of the page; it has no such thing as head lines or "scare heads" and its titles run from top to bottom instead of across; it has but a few rough illustrations; it prints few advertisements, but those are paid for at a comparatively high rate; its price is low, ranging from 1 to 2 cents a copy, and from 25 to 50 cents a month; and it knows nothing yet of the sensational advertisements, or flaming posters, or deeds of journalistic daring. In general, its scale is much more that of the French newspaper than of the world-moving monsters of London and New York. The only evidence of it that one sees in the street is the newsman, either a lank and lean middle-aged man or else a boy, clad in meager cotton clothes, trotting along with a bundle of neatly-folded papers under his arm, and announcing his passage by the incessant tingling of a little brass bell tied to his waist-band behind.

Japanese Compositors at Work.

Tokio Correspondence Pittsburg Dispatch. The "typo," of whom there are only three or four on a paper, sits at a little table at one end of a large room, with the case containing his 47 feet wide being left between each two. The compositor receives his "copy" in large pieces, which he cuts into little "takes" and hands each

of these to one of half a dozen boys who assist him. The boy takes this and proceeds to walk about among the cases till he has collected each of the ideographs, or square Chinese picture-words, omitting all the kana syllables which connect them. While these boys are thus running to and fro, snatching up the types and jostling each other they keep up a continual chant, singing the name of the character they are looking for, as they cannot recognize it till they hear its sound, the ordinary lower-class Japanese not understanding his daily paper unless he reads it aloud. When a boy has collected all the square characters of his "take" he lays them upon it by the side of the compositor, who sets them up in proper order in his composing stick, adding the connecting kans from the case before him. Then a proof is taken as with us and given to two proof-readers, one of whom sings the "copy" aloud to the other. A Japanese composing room is thus a scene of bustle, and noise and laughter and weird noises, the only serious figure being the long-haired "typo" seated afar off by himself and poring over his wretched spiderweb letters like some old entomologist with a new beetle under his microscope. The "making-up" and stereotyping is like that of old-fashioned offices at home, and the paper is printed upon flat presses fed by hand.

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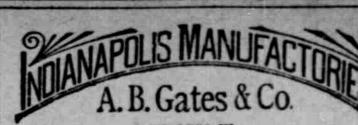
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